

An Excelent New Song Call'd,
The slighted Lover,
 O R,
The Scornful Mistress.

Tune of, *How lovely's a Woman, &c.*

I.

OH why am I allways perplexed in mind,
 For the more I do love *yet the more she's unkind,*
 Though I dote on her still yet no favour can win,
 For when I do sigh she from me does fling.

II.

Young *Cupid* but aim with thy piercing love Dart,
 And make it once touch my fair *Mistress's* heart,
 That soon she may know what torment and pain,
 It is for to love and not be lov'd again.

III.

Sometimes she don't mind all the vows I do make,
 Tho I tell her I love and must dye for her sake,
 Yet she on me will frown and bid me be gone.
 For a lover she says, she'll never have one.

IV.

Dispairing I lye at her feet, and do crave,
 That she would bestow a kind look on her slave,
 Then she gives me a glance that's enough for to kill,
 Tho it pierces my Heart, *ye: I must love her still.*

V.

Oh why was I Born to be tortured so
 By one that wont hold me nor yet let me go,
 Tho her *Tongue* does deny, yet her *Eyes* seem to say,
 Tho I bid you be gone, *yet ide have you to stay.*

VI.

So thus between hope and dispair I do lye,
 Not knowing whether she'll make me live or dye,
 Tis her *Conquering Charms* that has my Heart gain'd
 And yet she'll not love which creates all my pain.

VII.

And if that she should have a heart made of stone,
 Yet tis my dear *Celia* I must have *or none,*
 For tis her I adore, and tis her I do love,
 Tis her has my heart, and tis hers I must move.

VIII.

For with her I live, but without her I die,
 Oh ye Powers above make fair *Celia* comply,
 If she once would but give a look that was kind,
 Then I should have hopes that her heart would be mine.

IX.

I wait at her Window both early and late,
 Yet when she looks out still this is my hard fate,
 She gives me a frown, then away she does go,
 Not minding the grief I for love undergo.

X.

By Letters I often have told her I love,
 With tender expressions her heart for to move,
 But alas all in vain for she'll give no reply,
 Altho' her true Lover does languish and die.

XI.

Oh fair one consider a Lover that's true,
 Who Vows does declare he nere lov'd none but you,
 Then soften her heart Oh you powers above,
 That she may once know what it is for to love.

XII.

Then take my last lines that I ever shall wrte,
 O send me relief or you kill me this Night,
 If you love I am blest, but if not then adieu,
 Yet fair one Remember 'twas for love of you.

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